



DC COMICS™

ANNUAL

#1

THE NEW 52!

BATGIRL

GAIL
SIMONE
KOHRA
WIJAYA
DANIEL
SAMPERE

THE BAT, CAT,
AND THE OWL!

RATED T
DCCOMICS.COM

THE SLUMS OF GOTHAM CITY...



One night in
Gotham.



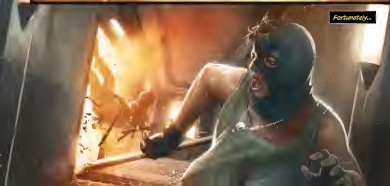
I know what you're
thinking...it must be
Wednesday, right?

But by my
reckoning, we have at
least six deliberate
fires in occupied
buildings, plus two
blackouts.



Even for
Gotham, that's
rough karma.

Fortunately...



Small figurehead image
of the character in
the top left corner
of the page.

THE BLOOD THAT MOVES US

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...none of these
crimes are being
committed by
actual criminals.



These aren't
brawlers.

They're
homeless
people.



I thought I'd seen some
low things in this city, but
using people who have
nothing to hurt other
people who have nothing...

...it's
insulting.



Someone's
behind this.
Someone who
makes them
afraid.



Afraid
enough to
face the
fire.





DON'T BOTHER HIDING.

WAAAAH



HELP HER...HELP MY BABY.

DON'T LET HER DIE.

My respiration... built into my gauntlets, gotta give it to the mother.

Oh, thank star...

WAAAAH



THE MASK WILL NOT FIT HER MOUTH. YOU MUST TAKE IT!

NO, NO, GIVE HER, MY CHILD.

Oh, man.

What do I...

My respiration... built into my gauntlets, gotta give it to the mother.

WAAAAH



OKAY, YOU HOLD HER, AND I HOLD YOU. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? HOLD HER TIGHT.

I... UNDERSTAND.



WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

LALENA
MY NAME IS LALENA.



Please, God.
Let this work.

GOOD TO KNOW YOU, LALENA.

From the
first moment
I saw Batgirl...

POW!

...I
didn't
like her
at all.

HMM.

SHOW-OFF

NOT THAT WE
AREN'T REAL GLAD
TO SEE YOU HERE,
COMMISSIONER
GORDON. I MEAN, IT'S
NOT THAT AT ALL. IT'S
TOTALLY AN
HONOR.

IT'S JUST
THAT WELL,
YOU KNOW,
A LITTLE
NOTICE
NEXT TIME,
MAYBE?

KIND OF DEPARTS
THE PURPOSE OF A
SURPRISE. WHAT,
SERGEANT REEVE'S
YOU KEEP HER
IN THE MEN'S
WARD?

OH, WELL, IN PUNK CITY,
YEAH, PROTECTIVE
CUSTODY.

WHEN WE FIRST
FOUND HER, WOUNDED
BY THE SIDE OF THE
ROAD, WE TRIED HER
IN GENERAL
LOCK UP.

SHE
PUT EIGHT
PRISONERS
IN THE
INFIRMARY.

WE GOT ONE FURNISHED
CELL IN I.S.O., FOR WHAT
CELEBRITY GUESTS?

POLITICIANS
AND THE LIKE.
SHE'S IN
THERE.

I TAKE
CARE OF HER
PERSONALLY.

COMMISSIONER...
HOLD UP.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU EXPECT
HERE.

SHE CAN'T
ANSWER NO
QUESTIONS, YOU
KNOW THAT,
RIGHT?

SHE'S A
DUMMY, YOU
KNOW? SHE'S
A MUTE.

SERGEANT

I DON'T
WANT TO HEAR
YOU REFER TO
ANYONE THAT
WAY AGAIN.
ARE WE
CLEAR?

YOU
DON'T WORK
FOR ME.

BUT
I WOULDN'T
ADVISE MAKING ME
ANGRY, EITHER.





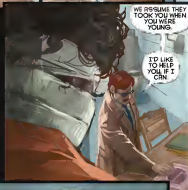
"KOP!"
I KNOW
YOU CAN'T
SPEAK.

I BROUGHT
YOU SOMETHING.



I THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU
COULD WRITE
WHAT YOU
KNOW?

OR, MAYBE
YOU COULD SKETCH
SOMETHING...
LOCATIONS,
FACES?



WE ASSUME THEY
TOOK YOU WHEN
YOU WERE
YOUNG.

I'D LIKE
TO HELP
YOU, IF I
CAN.



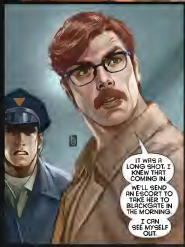
NOW LISTEN,
GIRLY.

YOU WILL
RESPECT THE
COMMISSIONER,
YOU HEAR ME?

NEVER MIND,
SERGEANT.

THE OTHERS LIKE
HER, THEY'RE ALL IN
CRYO-SLEEP.

MAYBE
THAT'S THE
KINDEST THING,
AFTER ALL.



IT WAS A
LONG SHOT, I
KNEW THAT
COMING IN.

WE'LL SEND
AN ESCORT TO
TAKE HER TO
BLACKGATE IN
THE MORNING.

I CAN
SEE MYSELF
OUT.

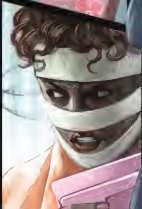


BE RIGHT
WITH YOU,
COMMISSIONER.





YOU KNOW,
IT'S A FUNNY THING
ABOUT WHEN THE
COMMISSIONER
DRIVES UP IN HIS
BIG DOMESTIC
CAR.



THEY NEVER
EVER CHECK
THE TRUNK.

I'VE BEEN
HIRED TO
SPRING YOU,
KIDDO.

NAME'S
CATWOMAN!

LATER, IN THE GOTHAM SLUMS...

COME ON.
COME ON.

RICKY.

WE GOTTA DO
THIS. QUICK. ALL
RIGHT?

MY BROTHER'S
STILL IN THE LIFE.
AND IF HE SEES ME
OUT HERE WITH YOU...

HOW'S
THE LEG
RICKY?

WHICH? OH,
YOU MEAN
THIS.

S'POZEDTA GET
AN ARTIFICIAL ONE.
WENT FOR A
FITTING TODAY.

WEIRD, NOT
BEING ABLE
TO...YOU
KNOW, THE
USUAL
STUFF.

I DO
KNOW, IN
FACT.

*She still has to
pay for that.
Oh, yes.*

I CALLED
BECAUSE I
NEED HELP.

SOMEONE'S
BURNING DOWN
GOTHAM ONE
BUILDING AT A TIME.
USING HOMELESS
PEOPLE TO
DO IT.

*This poor
little Ricky, got
an artificial
leg. And still, ended
up with one shoe
too many a few
weeks back.*



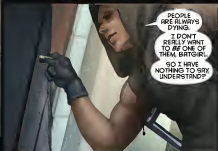
HUM

SOUNDS
LIKE A LOT OF
NONE OF MY
BUSINESS



RICKY.

I KNOW YOU
VOLUNTEER WITH
THE INDIGENT IN
CHERRY HILL.
PEOPLE ARE
DYING. HERE



PEOPLE
ARE ALWAYS
DYING.
I DON'T
REALLY WANT
TO BE ONE OF
THEM, BATGIRL.
SO I HAVE
NOTHING TO SAY,
UNDERSTAND?

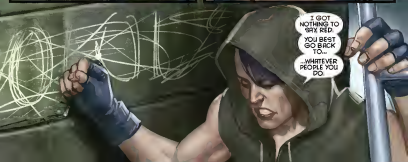


NOT A WORD
FROM ME.

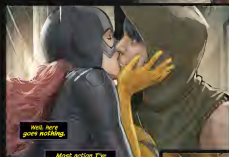


man.

*Of all the things
I did not want
to know.*



I GOT
NOTHING TO
SAY, RED.
YOU BEST
GO BACK
TO...
...WHATEVER
PEOPLE YOU
DO.

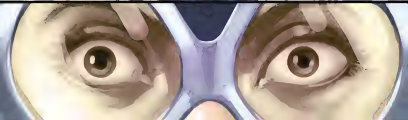


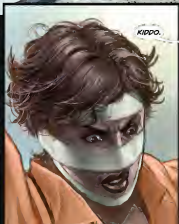
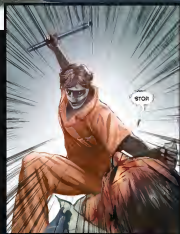
Most action I've seen in movies and it has to be a Hall Mary desperation play.

I might need to look at my priorities.





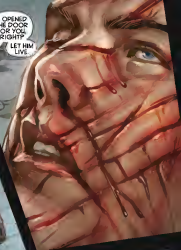






KIDDO,
WE HAVE
TO GO.

I OPENED
THE DOOR
FOR YOU,
RIGHT?
LET HIM
LIVE.



I'VE ARRANGED
AN EXPLOSIVE
DIVERSION FOR
THE GUARD'S, BUT
THEY HEARD THE
SHOTS.
THEY'RE
ALREADY ON
THEIR WAY.

OH, I...

...DON'T
YOU WANT
OUT?
I KNOW
YOU COULD
KILL ME
RIGHT NOW
BUT...

...DON'T YOU
WANT TO SEE
YOUR PEOPLE
AGAIN?

YOU MUST
HAVE FAMILY,
RIGHT?



OKAY, OKAY, GOOD.

ONE MORE GUARD IN UNIFORM AND WE WALK RIGHT OUT THE FRONT DOOR

Just my favorite part of the job...

...but it's time to bat up.

The Court of Owls has been running Gotham for at least a century, maybe lots, lots longer, using the Talons as their assassins.*

*CHECKOUT BATMAN AND THE NIGHT OF THE OWLS!—B.C.

I thought all of the surviving Talons were imprisoned in Blackgate.



Now all I have to go on is a four-letter word scrawled in chalk on a dumpster.



One scrawled word against
the most dangerous cabal
Gotham history.



...I've lost the
stomach for trying to
scare these people.



WHAT DO
YOU...WHAT IS IT
YOU WANT?

How do I tell Batman
that the Court may still
be pulling strings?

And yet another
problem...

They're more
afraid of the
person pushing
them to arson
than they are of
me, anyway.



I make pretty
much the worst
dark over...er
ever sometimes.
I swear.

NOTHING.

LOOK, I HAVE
SOME CASH. IT'S
NOT A LOT.

GET
SOMEWHERE
SAFE TONIGHT.
OKAY?

MISS.
MISS BAT.

DON'T YOU HAVE ANY
BETTER SENSE THAN THAT
BOTHERIN' THESE POOR
PEOPLE?



I'M...
SORRY
I WAS
ASKING...



I KNOW
WHAT YOU WERE
ASKING.



AND I KNOW WHO IT IS
YOU'RE LOOKIN'
FOR.



COME ON. WE
HAVE MAYBE FIVE
MINUTES BEFORE
THEY SEND
CHOPPERS.



HEY, NO SENSE IN
GIVING UP STYLE, AM
I RIGHT?

I HAVE YOUR
GEAR HERE. THEN WE
GET YOU BACK TO
YOUR FAMILY. HOW
DOES THAT
SOUND?



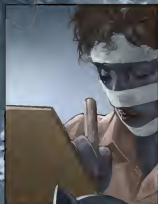
Family
Ded



SWEETHEART...
I'M SORRY TO
HEAR THAT.

WHAT ABOUT
FRIENDS. SOMEONE
WHO CARES ABOUT
YOU?





Someone did this girl over something fierce.

I can't take it.

I KNOW THAT FEELING.
OKAY, PUT YOUR HAND UP
MAKE A FIST.



THAT'S
RIGHT, THEN WE
LINK THE LITTLE
FINGERS.



WHERE I
COME FROM, THIS
IS A SACRED
BOND.

NOW YOU
HAVE ONE
FRIEND.



NOW PLEASE,
FOR THE LOVE
OF ALL THINGS
FURRY, GET IN
THE CAR.

SOON...

"Only, how's that, the old guy said to me..."

Little-known Gotham fact: this city gets more rooftop motion detectors than any three other cities combined.

One installation company, even calls it "bat-roofing."

Bad investment, really.

And not coincidentally, every single building around the perimeter of this particular office is loaded with them.

An office belonging to the same guy my homeless-hobo in the park says is scaring the destitute into committing arson.

I don't think you're a good guy, Mr. Parsons.

And it comes in over the scanner that an Owl Researcher was busted out of jail tonight by a "female accomplice."

I'm in no hurry to face her again.

When I first encountered this Talon, I did some research. Her family was killed by a balloon bomb during World War II. No names recorded.

She was brutally scarred...got a job at Haly's Circus.

We think she was recruited to be a Talon for the Court of Owls there. She couldn't have been more than ten."

YOU'RE TO COME WITH ME. YOU'LL HAVE A HOME. A NEST OF YOUR OWN.

AND IMPORTANT, MEANINGFUL WORK.



Also when she was introduced with the weird cryogenic stuff the Court pulled, she was only seventeen years old, seventy years later.

Sory enough to kick my ass and blow up half the city.

I lost her, but barely.



Speak of the devil And her "female accomplice"

Catwoman!

HERE SHE IS, MR. PARSONS—READY TO GO.

MY DEAR GIRLS,
MY DEAR GIRLS,
SO LOVELY TO SEE YOU PLEASE FOLLOW ME



I LIKE TO PUTTER IN MY GARDENS IN THE EVENING, YOU SEE.

I KNOW WHO YOU WORK FOR, MR. PARSONS.

AND I KNOW YOU'RE HIDING FROM THE BAT. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE NOT WEARING YOUR LITTLE MASK, RIGHT?

THEY SAID YOU WERE CLEVER.

BUT...WHY THE HELLSON? I KNOW YOU HIRED THOSE HOMELESS MEN.

YOU ARE A SNOOPY FELINE, AREN'T YOU?

IT'S BRUCE WAYNE, CATWOMAN. ALL THE BUILDINGS HE WANTS TO BUY AND DEMOLISH FOR HIS "REBUILDING OF GOTHAM."

THAT'S... NO ONE WILL BELIEVE THAT.

NOT AT FIRST.

WE'VE CREATED A RATHER CONVINCING PAPER TRAIL LEADING DIRECTLY TO HIM—INCrimINATING HIM FOR MURDER AND RACKETEERING.

BUT IMAGINE IF THERE'S A MUCH HIGHER BODY COUNT AND IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE? IMAGINE IF WE BURN DOWN A HUNDRED OCCUPIED BUILDINGS?

I don't know
which side of the
Cathwren's
playing, currently.

I don't think
she knows.

But she can't
be okay with this.

Can she?

OKAY. I
DON'T CARE
WHAT YOU
PRY ME.

I'M
OUT.
WE'RE
DONE.
I
DIDN'T SIGN
UP TO KILL
INNOCENTS

PITY
TALON.
SHE'S BEEN
SENTENCED.
KILL HER.

Oh, man.



Batgirl!

*Okay, maybe I'm a
little impressed.*

TELL ME YOU
HEARD ME TELL THAT
GUY TO GO SCREW
HIMSELF.

I DID.
CAN YOU
FIGHT?

VERY
MUCH,
YES.

WHEN
CALLED
UPON.

DID YOU
REALLY THINK I
WOULD BRING A
COMMON THIEF HERE
UNGUARDED?

I
ASSURE YOU,
I WOULD
NOT.



"BLOWN! BUT I THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL SECURED IN BLACKGATE!"

"RUNNING AWAY ABOUT RUNNING!"

"IF WE TURN OUR BACKS, THE FELL WILL US WHERE WE STAND."

"INSURED."

"SIT TRUE ABOUT YOUR OWN GREEN PASTURE!"

"A LADY? WE'VE TELL."

"GO, ABSOLUTELY IT'S TRUE."

"And to be honest, it was more of a mistake than a win."

"YOU KNOW, THE REALLY BIG TO HAVE HEARD THAT STICKY BURNING SMOKE."

"IF WE LIVE THROUGH THIS, WE'VE WON."

"PLEASE, BUT THAT DOESN'T SEEM TO ME."

only best of these things we've ever had.







YOU
ASKED FOR
THIS
YOU
WANTED
THE CLAW
TAKE IT.



OH SHIT!

We're
outta
here.

Correction.



We've lost



She could
tell me. She's
a woman, for
Fox's sake.

But she
didn't.

I wish I
could tell
Batman
that.

That in our last
moments...she
would fall.

SUIT
HER THROAT
PLEASE. AND
BE QUICK
ABOUT IT.
I'VE
GARDENING
TO DO.

We can't,
can't go out
this way.

TALON.
PLEASE,
LISTEN TO
ME.

Oh, man—
please let my
research be right
on this one.

TALON. I
KNOW ABOUT
YOU I KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR
FAMILY.
THEY WERE
INNOCENTS
BLOWN
UP BURNED
ALIVE IN THE
WAR.

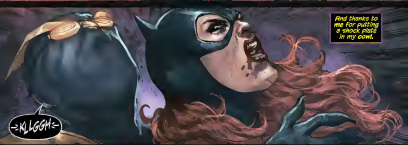
THAT'S JUST WHAT
YOUR BOSS
WANTS TO DO TO
A HUNDRED
FAMILIES!

TTTTSSSS.

God help me for what
I am about to say.

THESE
INNOCENTS WILL
BURN LIKE YOUR
FAMILY DID

Forgive me.





Don't hurt me, I'm not an...

But surprisingly I'm not done yet

BELIEVE
THAT
KILLER!



I'M
NOT DONE
YET



STOP



I'LL SHOOT HER. THESE
BULLETS ARE FILLED WITH
LIQUID NITROGEN. SHE CAN'T
SURVIVE THAT. DESPITE HER
REGENERATIVE ABILITIES

I CAN SHOOT
THE LITTLE TRAITOR
BEFORE YOU CAN
STOP ME.



OUR COURT
SELECTED YOU FROM
THE TRASH BIN,
TALON!

WE MADE
YOU FAMILY



CAN'T BE HELPED.
LOOSE ENDS MUST
BE TIED OFF.





AREN'T YOU GOING TO TRY TO, YOU KNOW, STOP THEM?

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY.



COPS ARE MAYBE A MINUTE AWAY. YOU GOTTA GO, CATWOMAN.

WELL, THAT'S... THAT'S DECENT OF YOU, HONEST. BUT THERE'S A DEAD GUY ON THE FLOOR HERE, AND...



...WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO TO HER?

BLACKGATE HAS THE REST OF THE TALONS IN CRYO-SLEEP. TOO DANGEROUS, OTHERWISE.



I'M TAKING HER.

NO.

SHE SAVED OUR LIVES. DO YOU NOT KNOW THAT?



I DO. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BE A ROOMMATE TO A GIRL WHO'S NEVER KNOWN ANYTHING BUT KILLING?

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING. SHE SAVED US.



I'M GOING OUT THERE. YOU GET HER AWAY FROM HERE WHILE THEY'RE DEALING WITH ME.

CATWOMAN...

PROMISE ME.



